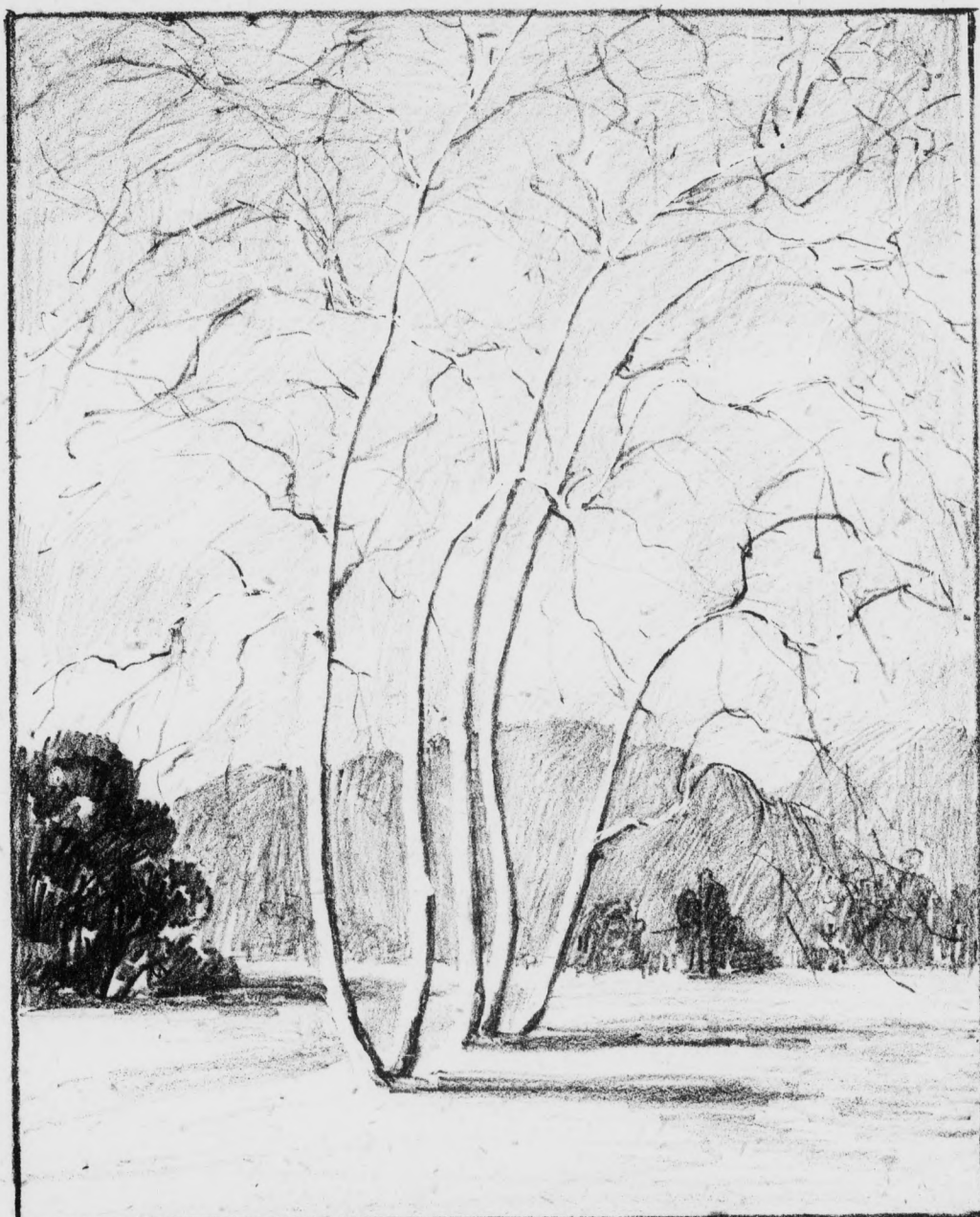


HIGH LIGHTS



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HIGH LIGHTS

OCTOBER 1940

Volume 1 Number 8

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued by the Sierra
Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra
Madre, California.

SEWING CIRCLE

by

Irene Waage

Miss Nancy Hawkins seems about the same
As all the rest who meet each week to sew
Upon the Circle quilts. They're bent and frail,
Beyond their three-score year and ten. She smiles
Inscrutably and listens as they tell
About their lives. Some married twice or more,
And reared large families and one had been
A famous actress. One a pioneer
And very brave. Miss Nancy never talks
About her past. She sighs and shakes her head,
With gentle words she tints a scarlet touch.
But Nancy Hawkins' life had been as drab
As worn brown socks. She'd never had a love
Affair, and work was all she knew. But now,
The other women look at her in awe.
They whisper low, "Lands sake, you never know."

WE REMEMBER THESE CHILDREN

At last the cowardly Nazis are openly fighting
little children. At last they have come down to doing
just that. Out of the darkness, always from out of the
darkness and from under cover, in true dastardly fashion
they strike their blow, and seventy-seven children,
many of them mere babies, go down forever with a song
upon their lips into the chilling waters of the stormy
mid-Atlantic in the blackness and in the terrors of the
dead of night.

The wolves that have long been threatening the
flock have at length stealthily crept through the stout
fences from the shade of the thickets and from the dark
ravines. Out of the forests and down from the frozen
hills, in ravenous packs, dimly their green-grey numbers
swarm. Now, along the fringes and the outskirts of the
herd, they have valiantly attacked the straggling lambs
as being easier kills than the horny rams. This night
when the flock is counted, seventy-seven lambs will not
be found. Why does the shepherd tarry that he comes not
now to their aid? Have no concern about this. The same

shepherd that walked the Galilean hills two thousand years ago still guards his sheep. He will come in his time and with vengeance. He is busy for the moment with many things, slow to anger, long-suffering even with these marauding wolves. He does not forget these lambs nor these little children.

We, too, shall remember these children. Long after the senseless poundings of open cities have been forgotten, long, long after the memories of every other foul deed that these Huns may have committed have faded away, the fate of these little children will still be remembered. We can never forget them. We cannot put them aside. They rise up before us in the night and in the broad glare of high noon, calling aloud to us, crying to us out of the darkness and out of the depths. Their spirits walk abroad upon those waters, and shall forever walk abroad upon those restless billows there where now their tiny bodies lie like broken dolls discarded, like broken lilies wantonly crushed and cast adrift.

Because of the greatness and the utter uselessness of their sacrifice, because they died before they had really lived, the memory of the fate of these children saddens us and continually haunts us like an evil dream. Unto them, eternal remembrance and eternal love. It is for the tragic fathers and mothers of these children, however, that we truly grieve. It is to them that our sympathies go out, our sympathies and our unstinted pity. They now, more than any of us, will know the real meaning of war. In the endless days to come, they will know it many times in the vacant chairs by the waiting table, in beds undisturbed in quiet rooms. In the haunting silence that speaks to them by day and by night from empty stairs, from the lonely hollow corners of the reaching house, they will know and remember. And again, coming upon some cast-off toy, some now useless garment, some broken trifle out of the broken past, often, with a startling suddenness they will remember, recalling into life for a fleeting moment their dead hopes that they cannot forget.

They will know war, but their children will know it no more. From this, at least, we can derive some comfort. Nothing of fear or of unhappiness can touch these children where they are gone. No sinister power of evil men can reach them now. Children, eternally

children, they will be in that strange and distant land where now they dwell. Beyond that veil through which we cannot pass, this darkness has surely opened for them upon smiling meadows where the sunlight never fades. They will play forever there by the flowing fountains, by the flowered banks of that softly singing river that runs to a sea whose calm is never troubled by any wind or seething storm.

L.B.W.

* * * * *

In the world today there is much criticism. Perhaps there is too much. Many think so; especially those on the receiving end where the artillery fire is heaviest. And in the realm of Art, primarily, the critical faculty is largely believed to carry a weight and an importance almost equal to that of the creative. Some think more so.

Naturally this is the viewpoint of the professional critic. It is gravy on the parsnips for him. Economic determinism. This is the argument he is so constantly trying to put over on the public; also, by indirection, on the creative artist as well.

Writers as a whole find it hard enough to persuade editors. There's merit, of course -- artistic: Well, that is indeed one thing. It isn't always so hard to inveigle an admission from the editor that our story, poem -- whatever -- has merit. And sometimes, providing he has enjoyed his breakfast, the great man may amplify. If we tune our ear we may catch low rumblings about -- great American novel -- book of the week, the month, the year -- poem of the century -- etc., etc., etc....

All of which, naturally, may be grouped with the snows of yesteryear and tomorrow's rainbow, and bartered perhaps to one of our ornithological colleagues for a last-year's bird's nest not quite in prime condition.

Many of the miseries editors seem to give to writers are really due to the critics. Editors are cautious and discriminating people. They stand with one finger on the writer's pulse and another on the pulse of the reading public. They are supposed to know, within narrow limits, the writer's ability to inflict as well as the reader's capacity to endure.

But the mission of the critic is to know the editor's business better than the editor. (He also knows the writer's business better than the writer; not that that matters.) It is unlikely that we would find a professional critic in all the land who would deny that. Critics do have power. They influence things for weal or woe. And it isn't always, we dare hope, for the public's weal -- even though it may be usually for the writer's woe. But since they are vocal, well able to make themselves heard, it happens that we habitually find ourselves more in awe of their opinion than that of the general public.

Moral whereof is: If the editor seems to be an ass, or otherwise dumb and inhuman, hold your fire until you've looked for the whites of the eyes of the critic behind him.

N.A.

* * * * *

REMEMBER: Regular meetings of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild are held on the first Friday of each month, at 8:00 p.m.

"Alas! The forbidden fruits were eaten,
And thereby the warm life of reason was congealed.
A grain of wheat eclipsed the sun of Adam,
Like as the Dragon's Tail dulls the brightness of the
moon.

Behold how delicate is the heart that a morsel of dust
Clouded its moon with foul obscurity!
When bread is 'substance', to eat it nourishes us;
When 'tis 'empty form', it profits nothing."

-- THE MASNAVI-I-MA'NAVI --

Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched.

-- Shakespeare --
Pericles - Act.1, Sc.1.

THIRTEEN WAS OUR NUMBER (A tale of Hallowe'en)

I warned them not to go in the first place, but they wouldn't listen to me; so, what could I do, being but one against twelve? "All the gold you'll ever carry out of there," I said to them, "is the gold in your teeth." Whereat, they all rose up against me as one man. "And what does a free-silver democrat know about gold?" they kept shouting until they had shouted me down.

Thirteen was our number on Friday the thirteenth at thirteen minutes of midnight when, dour and doting, we lumbered out onto the weird alluring sands of Death Valley. Alone and unaided, on the doleful night of All Hallows' E'en, I staggered back through the spooky shades of Dead Man's Gully from the ghoulish ghosts and the phantoms of Skeleton Flats.

"If you must go down into this sink-hole," I said to them, "it's just as well not to go in July or in August." But they just sneered at me and they spoke with a cold, killing coarseness, saying: "If you're going to cook for this outfit, get moving; or do we have to tie a can to you before we get started?" So I slung the bean-bags and the bacon onto the backs of a string of burros as runty and moth-eaten as any pack of mangy coyotes you've ever seen; and with the skillets banging against their bones, I roped down the pack-saddles and cinched them tight with the diamond hitch, and off we started. But I didn't like it a bit, and I said so.

Thirteen was our number on Friday the thirteenth, thirteen old birds of a feather when, staunch and stupid, we waddled out onto the strange and witching sands of Death Valley. Alone, in the last vestiges of senility and in the prime of my folly, I stumbled along through the grisly glades of Hangman's Hollow from the shrouded shapes and the specters of Death Rattle Dunes.

"It's really a dangerous thing," I said to them, "to go out into this fiery dump of creation without a half pint of water." Whereupon, every man-jack of them pulled a flask off his hip and shook it under my nose. "Fire-water to fight fire with," they chuckled. "Who needs water? We're well fortified against thirst. But from the looks of things," they hooted, giving me a side leer, "we'd say that our biggest danger is that we're

like to go hungry." So, from then on, I carried the sour dough safe and warm in my tobacco pouch; and if everyone didn't keep fat on rugged pan biscuits and on rancid bacon, it wasn't for lack of it.

Thirteen was our number on Friday the thirteenth, the thirteenth Friday of summer when, bearded and balmy, we shuffled out onto the uncanny beckoning sands of Death Valley. Alone, in sere and in sober October, the last fool of thirteen, I dragged my way through the ghostly glimmers of Graveyard Canyon from the wriggling wraiths and the terrors of Coffin-lid Gulch.

"Come and get it before it gets too hot," I yelled as I slapped down their grub under the broiling sun; but by that time they were too far gone to pay me any heed. "We've struck it rich!" they shrieked as they emptied their canteens and their pack-rolls to fill them with iron pyrites and glittering stones. After that, they got tangled in the clutches of the Devil's Golf Course, and they lay down under the siroccos of Stovepipe Wells and the blasts of Furnace Creek, babbling of brooks and of ice-cream cones. And when the sun came up like a red-hot griddle in the morning, they were all found as completely dried-out, as stiff, and as unsociable as so many old shoes.

Thirteen was our number on Friday the thirteenth, thirteen cracked pots of a color when, full-blown and foolish, we plodded out onto the eerie siren sands of Death Valley. Alone, the last ripe egg of them all, and at the height of my dotage, I hobbled home through the ghastly glooms of Tombstone Chasm from the Harrowing "hants" and the horrors of the Funeral Range.

Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and, (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

Blair - The Grave. L. 67.

Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly.

Butler - Hudibras, Pt.1,C.1.

THE SONNET

by

Noureddin Addis

Just where and when the sonnet first took on its modern form; the time and place it became the form recognizable to us as 'sonnet' is hard to say. Undoubtedly the pre-Islamic Arabs, who were mighty poets, once worked in such forms; and before - or perhaps contemporaneously with them - the ancient Greeks wrote sonnets of a kind closely allied with those of today. The singers of old Provence bore a hand in its development, also those of Sicily, where the Arab influence was great. At any rate it is known that the sonnet was already very old when the Italian, Petrarch, adopted it, gave it his name, and made of his the most reputable of the many sonnet forms in use today.

There is a rhythm and balance in the Petrarchan Sonnet which is - musically speaking - perhaps the chief reason why it has always found favor with so many. A question, and its answer. A problem, and the solution of that problem. The statement of a way of life, then the exposition of another way, manner, or philosophy of living. For the sonnet, to be truly Petrarchan, must declare two viewpoints, the second of which is in some way explanatory of, or complementary to the first.

The interplay between the octave and the sestet has been aptly likened to the ebb and flow of the tide. The inhalation and the exhalation of the breath. This is probably the poetic form which finds its deepest and most fundamental correspondences in Nature. The fourteen lines - eight and six - are twice seven, a mystical as well as an ancient magical number.

In form, the sonnet is rather rigid. The rhyming of the octave is invariable - abbaabba; that of the sestet admits of some variation. In the sestet almost any rhyme scheme goes except that it may not end with a couplet. There is as little as possible break in the iambic meter; Petrarchan purists would not allow any break, but in practice this is not always expedient.

Regarding the criminality of ending the Petrarchan Sonnet with a rhymed couplet, which boorishness above all others is capable of getting the artistic goat of the purists, it is certainly worth while to note that the great master, Petrarch, himself now and then, did that very thing.

As a poetic form the sonnet has quite as many enemies as it has friends. The inflexibility of the form, the task of fitting ideas to rigid patterns, have made of sonnetry, even in the hands of many workers of real ability, something wherein the creaking of the mechanism drowns out most of the music of the poetry.

Harriet Monroe said that the sonnet had died from stodginess. Margery Mansfield claimed that "over half of the worst contemporary verse is cast in this form." She also says: "There seems no way so certain to make poets stilted, or obscure, as to induce them to write sonnets."

Of course one might answer that by saying that where two inflexibles meet, one or the other must suffer. To the poet whose inspiration is not one that admits of change, of cutting, trimming, fitting, an inflexible medium might prove a Nemesis. But to the poet whose mentality, whose Muse, is pliable, adaptable, the rigidity of the frame to which he fits his words and ideas may prove a joy and a blessing rather than the opposite.

It may be observed that the sonnet - at least the sonnet that we know now - had its origin and growth in languages in which rhymes are abundant and easy. The very rhyming in itself is a notable achievement in English, whereas in such languages as Italian, Arabic, and Provencal, a vast supply of rhyme words lie ready for the poet's choosing. Thus, in writing the English sonnet one is faced with a doubled condition of rigidity. Which may be the reason why English sonneteers have sought and tried out many ways of lessening the demands of the sonnet form; this, and the fact that the sonnet, like everything in Nature or in Art, must face the necessity of continual change, or stagnation and death.

Thus, the relative importance of the sonnet as a poetic form in English is a matter of widely divergent opinion. It has been called the "corner stone of English poetry." It has been said that no outstanding poet working in English has not been a great sonnet writer, consciously or unconsciously.

Lord Alfred Douglas, who surely deserves a high position among English sonnet writers, has denied the previous statements, asserting that it would be easy to prove that the sonnet has always been something of an exotic in English poetry, and that few of the great English poets have thoroughly understood it.

An excellent example of the true Petrarchan sonnet is the following from the COLLECTED POEMS of the English poet, Lord Alfred Douglas.

THE GREEN RIVER

I know a green grass path that leaves the field,
And like a running river, winds along
Into a leafy wood where is no throng
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield
Their music to the moon. The place is sealed,
And unclaimed sovereignty of voiceless song,
And all the unravished silences belong
To some sweet singer lost or unrevealed.

So is my soul become a silent place.
Oh may I wake from this uneasy night
To find a voice of music manifold.
Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

THE ARTS GUILD SHOW

The GAY NINETIES, featuring "Little Nell," that was such a great success at the "Tin Barn," will be repeated at the Elks Temple in Monrovia, Saturday night, October 5th. Several new hilarious specialties will be added to the bill. Beautiful girls will be on hand to take your orders for any refreshments desired. The Arts Guild receives fifty percent of all receipts from the ticket sales.

If ever there was a time in our lives when we all need to laugh, it's now. Get your ticket and come over to the Elks Temple and forget what is happening in our war-torn world.

The tickets are 50¢, plus 5¢ tax, and may be obtained from Mrs. Thomas Miller, phone Cu 5-3333, or Mrs. Alfred J. Dewey, phone Cu 5-6073.

The place is the ELKS TEMPLE, Monrovia, and the date is Saturday night, October 5.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

by

Harry Arnold

The Camera Club at its last meeting, Tuesday evening, September 24, was honored in having as speaker, Mr. R. Owen Shrader, the noted photographer, critic, and instructor, recently a judge of the photographic art on current exhibition at the County Fair at Pomona. He brought with him many of his pictures which have many times been on exhibition. He rendered constructive criticism on the prints submitted by the club members for the forthcoming salon, and explained to the members his technique in development and composition. His talk was very much appreciated, and we hope to have him back again.

Much of the time of the last two meetings was devoted to formulating plans for the October meeting of the Guild, which is to be held on the evening of October 4th at the Sierra Madre City Hall under the management of the Club. Tuesday evening, October 8, is the date of the next regular meeting of the Club, to be held at the Old Adobe.

GUILD PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER

The Guild meeting for October is to be held on Friday evening, October 4th, at the Sierra Madre City Hall, instead of at the Old Adobe, and is to be in the charge of the Sierra Madre Camera Club, a subsidiary of the Guild. The program, as arranged by the Club, is to consist of a salon of photographic art, color prints as well as prints in black and white, the work of the members of the Camera Club. Mr. R.H. Hayden of the Eastman Kodak Company, well-known in his field, will speak on COLOR AND COLOR PROCESSING at 8 p.m. He will bring with him a motion picture and a number of colored slides for use during his talk. In addition to this, there will be a showing of a large number of kodachromes by several members of the Club.

In order to facilitate the showing of the many photographs and to give everyone a chance to view them at his leisure, the photographs will be left on display for several weeks.

THE TIN BARN DANCE

The September meeting of the Guild, departing from its heretofore usual form, consisted of a box supper followed by a dance at the old Tin Barn on East Montecito Street. The box lunches provided by the ladies were auctioned off by Francis Eakman with plenty of fun and spirited competition to the gentlemen present. It is rumored that one of the lunches, notable for its size and attractive appearance, was bought in by one gentleman at a rather fancy figure; and that, after its acquisition, he discovered it to be the lunch that his wife had donated, much to his evident delight and to her chagrin.

The dance was very well attended, and by many not often present at our Guild meetings, evidently proving that dances are always popular. It is hoped that the Guild will sponsor dances of this kind more often in the future.

YOUNG PIANIST GIVES RECITAL

On Thursday evening, September 26, Miss Moreland Kortkamp, very talented young pianist of Sierra Madre, gave the public another fine exhibition of her growing powers as a musician in an excellent piano concert at the Vista Del Arroyo Hotel, Pasadena. Her program consisted of a Beethoven sonata and several shorter numbers, and in company with Miss Mary Lehigh Putnam, the Caesar Franck Symphonic Variations.

Miss Kortkamp, under a scholarship established by Mrs. J. Milton Steinberger, has been for the past year studying music at the Juilliard Graduate School of Music, New York City, under the supervision of the widely known Josef and Rosina Lhevinne. This scholarship has recently been awarded to her for the second time.

The best wishes of each member of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild go with this gifted young lady as she returns east for another year.

OPERA READINGS

Mr. Roland Paul opened his series of opera readings on the evening of Sunday, September 22, at the Wistaria Vine Gardens with the reading of THAIS before a large and appreciative audience. The reading was accompanied by the playing of a number of selections from the opera on the violin. Mr. Lee Shippey, as master of ceremonies, introduced Mr. Paul.

Mr. Paul's readings of the series of operas which are to appear in Pasadena and Los Angeles during November and December, began at the "Vine" on Sunday evening, September 27, with the reading of Massenet's MANON. Each Sunday evening throughout October, one of these opera readings is to be given. In addition to MANON, the series consists of Puccini's GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, Mozart's DON GIOVANNI, Donizetti's LUCIA DI LAM-MERMOOR, Verdi's SIMON BOCCANEGRA, and Strauss's DER ROSENKAVALIER.

A HYMN OF PRAISE TO RA

"A Hymn of Praise to Ra by Nekht, who saith: ...
'Thou lord of heaven, thou lord of earth, thou king of
Right and Truth, thou lord of eternity, thou prince of
everlastingness, thou sovereign of all the gods, thou
God of life, thou creator of eternity, thou maker of
heaven wherein thou art firmly established!'"

- The Book of the Dead

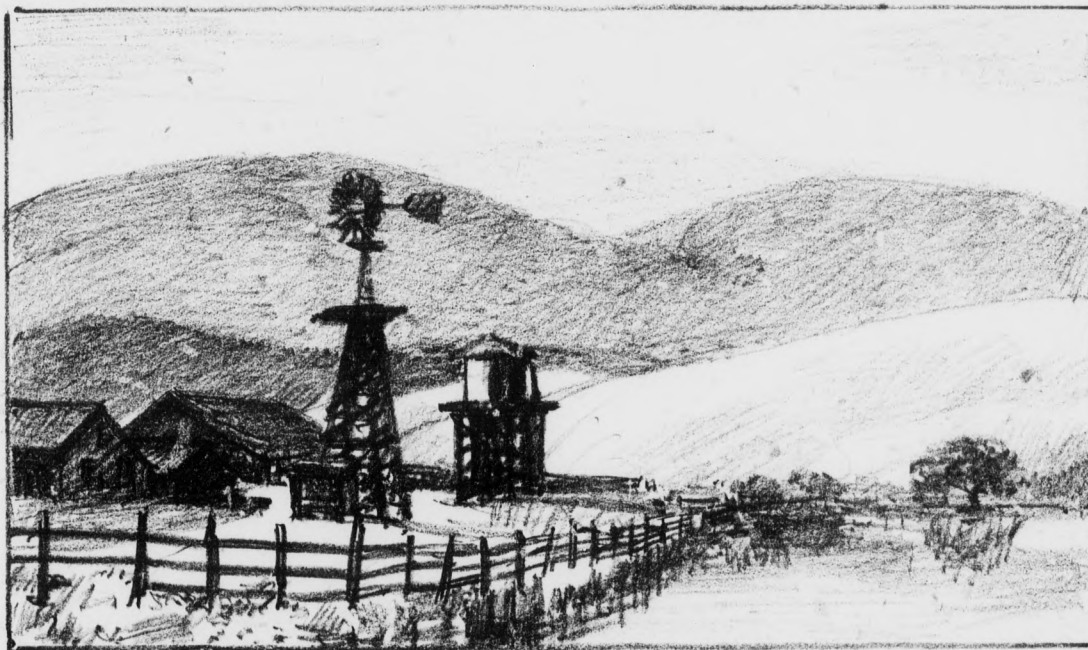
By day and by night your steps attend me; your
presence comforts me and lifts me up. With the morning,
I behold you coming, your face shining brightly into
mine. I see your smile upon the flowers in the light of
high noon, the fringe of your garments upon the grass
that clothes the meadows and the quiet hills. You walk
before me and beside me in the cool of the day, and in
the night you are very close to me as you watch from
everlasting unto everlasting with the slow circling of
the eternal stars. All of my days I will sing of your
glory, and until my tongue is silenced with the silent
dust, I will sing your praise.



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